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A Public Service

Tom Williams

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A Public Service

Abstract

Our work is necessary. Don't let our detractors sway you. They're prudes or privacy hounds or pornographers. It's best not to fraternize with them. Besides, name me an enterprise that doesn't conjure up controversy. I'll show you something as lifeless as a Jehovah's Witness's birthday party. Don't stop now, buddy. We need you to stay committed.

Keywords

website, video, encouragement, sexism



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A Public Service

by Tom Williams

Our work is necessary. Don't let our detractors sway you. They're prudes or privacy hounds or pornographers. It's best not to fraternize with them. Besides, name me an enterprise that doesn't conjure up controversy, I'll show you something as lifeless as a Jehovah's Witness's birthday party. Don't stop now, buddy. We need you to stay committed.

I'm not saying our work is easy. Certainly, the size of today's video recording device has made it easier for a solitary man to saunter through the shopping plazas and outlet malls of America without getting caught by those he might be recording. But it's not easy to locate the kind of woman our subscribers want to see and, almost simultaneously, direct and power on the device so that it might capture her assets. You know Merrell? From Memphis? Like you, he started with the eye for the job. Especially liked pears. Still shoots more of them than any other kind. But in his early weeks he'd only *report* to us the number of large and lovely ladies he'd spotted. I'd show Ruland over there Merrell's emails and we'd conference call him. "Now get some video of them," we'd say. For a while, the only video he showed us was of the inside of his pocket or the ground just ahead of his feet. An occasional blur, with his raspy cough the soundtrack.

Of course, Merrell got better. You've got to get better, else you get out of the business. But soon enough, Merrell showed us and our subscribers some of the biggest butts of the Mid South. He's got a real talent for spotting whale's tails and plumbers' cracks, too. But that didn't come from just walking around. It came from discipline, practice, making sure you cut a hole in your jacket pocket and had the camera ready *before* a BBW crossed your path. I'm not saying you could become as good as Merrell, but you never know until you try, right?

Our work does come with danger, too. I won't deny that. Take Thomas, poor guy, in San Antonio. That part of Texas may be home to the most diverse and ample backsides of the United States, but the kind of fellows who like their women with a little size don't appreciate some gangly white guy lingering and leering while these ladies roll past. In a week, he got beat up by two Mexicans, two blacks, followed by a Vietnamese guy who was dating a mixed girl. Lost three teeth and enough blood to put him in the hospital, but Thomas got video of each of these girls. Great video. Ruland thinks the mixed girl must have been Black, Mexican and White. Said her booty was so big and Easley's zoom so close you could see the strain on the seams of her jeans. Said he kept waiting for them to just open! Pop!

I'm not saying this to scare you, though. I'm trying to get you where you need to be, which is out there tracking down these chubby cuties. We get nearly two thousand hits a day and our advertisers couldn't be more happy with us. Our subscribers keep asking us for more footage of big girls' behinds. Plus, it's summer and there's no telling what kind of miniskirts and short shorts might be barely covering these wide loads.

Listen, I want you to do well. I want Rearview.com to continue to do well, most of all, but I want you to be a part of it. We're like nobody else out there. What we do is real. What we capture, what our subscribers demand, is not some made up porno with stick figure girls, limp dickd guys and everybody on coke. We're out on the streets. Easley in Greenville just parks outside the Goodwill. Doesn't leave the parking lot. We're in the grocery stores. You can't go wrong in the ice cream and Lean Cuisine aisles. Hell, we're at the ball games. Hurwitz, over in Baltimore, gets great stuff hanging out near Camden Yards. We're out there where they are, those big, baby dolls.

Denigrating women. Invading their privacy. Who told you that shit? We're

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showing women, real women, single moms, widows, divorcees. Ruland and I, all our guys, we're making them look good. But we're respectful. We don't show faces so nobody knows just who it is who's carrying around all that sugar. We're celebrating these large ladies. We love these hefty honeys. We're practically a public service. Anybody who spends five minutes on the site could see that. Over ten thousand minutes of footage of the juiciest big booties on the internet. In, Ruland says, their natural habitat. Shaking behind a shopping cart. Bending over wide to tie a kid's shoe. Jiggling a little bit while the girl taps her foot at the bus stop. Classic stuff.

And we're just getting started. That's why I wanted to, you know, give you a boost. A pep talk. I like you, buddy. Ruland does too. But you want to worry about what these massive mamas are thinking, what their feelings are? Go work for the census. You want to travel, admire some wonderful scenery, make some cash while you're doing it, you stick around. Trust me. You'll get that next fat fanny in your frame and you'll think you were put on earth to do nothing else. Then you'll come back to me and Ruland. You'll be the one telling us just how necessary our work is.

Tom Williams is associate editor of American Book Review. He's published stories, essays and reviews in such online and print journals as Barrelhouse, Boulevard, ghoti, and The Collagist. His novella, The Mimic's Own Voice, will be published in 2011, by Main Street Rag Publishing Company.

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